



She knew she loved him

when home went from being

a place to a person

## 353 -translation- by Genesis.Malfoy

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**Summary:** After all the pain they felt being apart, there's nothing better than looking into each other's eyes and forget about everyone else. She got back to her home, wich was no longer a place but a person: Mike. N/A lots of fluff, Mileven, feelings-centric. Please enjoy it! R&R -I'm having trouble seeing the reviews, if I can see them, I'll reply- COMPLETE

# 1. Chapter 1

*This is will be 'FEELINGS-CENTRIC'. This means, there will be real Mileven scenes but what I did was to describe their emotions and their feelings as it all happened. First one, this one, is about the last moment in chapter 8 and their reunion on the first minutes of chapter 9. Second one will be about that almost-kiss; Third one: will be made up, about what I THINK happened when Eleven closed the gate and reunited with Mike and, finally, Fourth one: will be about the Snow ball.*

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The room seemed to spin around while they could feel the demo dogs – as Dustin called them – haunting outside. I was kind of like a déjà vu, a nasty one to be living the same experience again and, at the same time, it was reassuring to be working together as a team once more; a team that came to be rather oddly. Even Steve, who had nothing to do with it was as compromised as the rest of them and, at the same time, wondering how he found himself ready to be eaten by those creatures growling outside.

Suddenly a noise made everyone gasp and turn around even they couldn't really see what was going on, they all held as a weapon anything they could find and waited to be attack and fight back. Then, out of nowhere a glass exploded and it took a moment for everyone to find the cause of that broken glass: a demo dog had flown across the Byers front window and got poked by Hopper's foot only to check that it was indeed dead. Questions like *how* and *why* was a dead demo dog on the living room seemed to be all that was on the mind of the people in there, like the sensation of fear that wrap them all again as a new noise, this time from the front door unlocking itself, took everyone into action pointing their guns and weapons to whatever that was getting closer to the Byers household.

The chain on the door slide until it fell loose and, as if it had taken

years, it slowly opened before the presents, but none of them was ready for the person they saw, neither Mike even when he had been waiting that moment for almost a year.

Her feet stepped in and got inside, straightforward, wearing black clothes, different from how they all reminded her but with a bleeding nostril, she cause surprise and relief not caring about he worn down makeup in her serious and hard dark eyes. Seriousness that flew away and became something a lot more powerful as she saw Mike walking between Hopper and Steve with his body filled with emotions that overwhelmed him.

It was Eleven.

After so long, after so much loneliness, so much desperation, after missing her more than his bones could even bare, there she finally was. When Eleven finally saw him suddenly there was nobody else there, only Mike. His face looked sad and she could see how the boy's eyes became irritated as she herself felt like all her wishes of seeing him again became true on his surprise and the happiness she knew he was feeling right then. He was like an open book she could read and always understand and that it'd open just for her. And she knew, she knew because she had been visiting him all those days, away from him.

She knew he had missed her, she knew how much he missed her, she also knew how much that moment in time meant to Mike because it was the same for her. They were bonded, they were tight together by a rope that had been forced to stretch out until breaking but didn't, even when it had hurt. Finally it was time to see him and soon came to be.

Mike froze for a moment and he felt as nothing he ever thought that made him happy could now even compare to that moment. It wasn't a mirage or his imagination, they were Eleven's eyes looking at him like someone who sees a dream becoming true. It was like someone who was able to smile for the first time, with the face of a drowning person feeling the fresh air once more. He could read her so perfectly, even when they first met she was lack of any expression, Mike knew that the blank page she once was, now had his name written all over it, because she was looking at him like he knew he was looking at

her. And in that moment, Mike was sure as real as it was the sun and it was the rain, that El felt the same.

Because Mike was in love with Eleven, and Eleven was in love with him.

- Eleven...

- Mike...

The desire living in their guts worked like two magnets pulling themselves to one another, colliding into a crushing hug. They had missed each other so much that they weren't physically able to pull apart.

Mike hold her a fraction of a second faster than she did because he couldn't let her go. She was there, she had came back and there wasn't, *really wasn't* the smallest chance where he would even allowed her leaving his side ever again. To feel her warmth against his chest was as necessary as drinking water after a week lost in the desert. It was a matter of life and death; he had lived for that moment and died every day that went by without it.

Eleven felt his voice calling for her and only then she could said his name. Her voice crawled its way through her throat and the tears she had been holding back, choking her like every time she visited him without Mike knowing it, like every time she touched him without feeling his skin and then shouted her pain out when she got back to her loneliness so far away from him; were now pouring out of her eyes. Mike's arms held her tighter to his body and she sighed the air on her chest as she cried her sadness away. After being drowning for so long she could finally breathe and pulled her hands up to his back holding him close like if he was a lifesaver pulling herself from the ocean and saving her life... again.

- I never gave up on you. - said Mike looking at her straight in the eye.

He was a lot taller, she found out right away and she had to look up to see him in his eyes, and it made Eleven like him even more. Need him even more. His voice brought her joy and she listened to what he

said on his relief face and the sincerity in his eyes, El on her torn apart heart, heard how he kept telling the truth because friends don't lie.

- I called you every night. Every night for...

- 353 days...- Eleven cut him off as she nodded her head.

She heard the way she said it and, just then, she was aware of how grateful she was with her fate for putting him on her way. At saying it out loud, at saying how many days he held on his hopes, El surprised herself of what she already knew; and even when she had a rough start her entire life in the lab, she now felt how everything begun to heal only because of it, because of Mike's hopes and because he needed her as much as she needed him. But he didn't have to explain or proof anything to her because Eleven knew better just how true he had been.

- I heard...- she whispered and looked at him while her heart pounded so hard she knew he could hear it. Yes, she had listened to Mike and his struggle, and his desperate search for her didn't passed unnoticed to Eleven nor she would ever forget. She wanted Mike to know that all his sacrifice and all his pain made El value him even more.

All that pain, all that agony, all that fear of not seeing each other again was replaced by a happiness greater than any demogorgon and any threat.

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*Please let me know if you liked it and if I should translate and upload the second one. Thank you!*

## 2. Electricity

*Mileven scene when they almost kiss! Feelings centric as explained. Enjoy it and PLEASE comment so I know if I should upload what happened after she closed the gate and the snow ball.*

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### *Electricity*

It was totally unfair, she had just got back! When would she rest for a moment? When could he take five minutes alone with her? She had literally just came back and already had the burden of the world on her shoulders, burden that she put herself onto and Mike felt a little bit of rage towards his own luck for not being able to have a moment with El.

The guys had hugged her, he was sure of it even when he didn't quite see it being so busy yelling and punching Hopper, but he knew they had. Both Lucas and Dustin had also missed her, she was a member of the party and, for that entire year, the party felt incomplete.

While they prepared to take Will where the mind flayer couldn't find him and Nancy and Steve were looking for any heaters they could use, Mike went outside with Eleven to the Byers front door to spend with her as much time as he could. Another long moment, another absence from the people around them; she turned to look at him and Mike took her hands into his and their eyes met being, once again, the only two people in there. It worked, there was silence because they disconnected from the reality and to both of them the only person in the world was the one standing before one another.

When had he changed so much? In which moment, Mike wondered, that tingle had begun? Was it when he met her under the rain, or was it when he looked at her confused face while he offered his dry

clothes? He felt like his life was a board game and reaching Eleven was a shot of luck that he had meant to reach one day. For whatever reason he took her to his house, for whatever reason she had chosen to stay with him, to trust him. Did that feeling already existed when El sat on his bike and hold him from behind? Or was it when looking at her with the dress all dirty and without the wig he still believed she was really pretty?

When did he had his heart stolen from him?

Even when Eleven didn't knew much about words and less of all naming what she felt, she did know that what she felt was real. The movies and soap operas she had seen on Hopper's TV, the longing she felt when a love scene came and she thought about Mike, the feeling of safety she reminded holding her whenever she was with him in his basement; were the prelude of something that was new. The way she thought about him, that she cried for how much she missed him were the empirical proof that she felt something for him she didn't felt for anyone else. It wasn't like that with Lucas or Dustin because no one was like Mike. He meant salvation, he meant tenderness on her lips, he meant softness in her hands.

They had hold hands before, when Mike gave her a tour on his house, or when they had to run up the stairs back to his room so Mike's mom doesn't caught them, or when they were running away from the bad men, whatever the reason was they had hold hands before, but it didn't felt that way. This time there was something more, this time there was something unspoken, this time it was expectation.

It was electricity.

The teenager, yes, he was already a teenager, became suddenly very aware of Eleven's fingers between his. And also he became very much aware of her warmth, her softness and he thought that maybe, if he had time enough and got really concentrated, he could feel her powers running under her skin; but then El moved her thumbs caressing he back of his hands and Mike gasp and did the same.

That was more than a tingle, that was a two way complicity, an unspoken bond, it was something wonderful beginning, it was the promise of what could finally happen once the gate was closed.



Eleven looked at both their hands linked and then she looked back into his eyes, watering again. She knew he was getting hurt, she felt like she was the one hurting him, she knew Mike was suffering. She also suffered because in all those fantasies when she pictured herself reuniting with him she never thought she had to leave again so quickly even when it was only for minutes. Yes, it hurts, she wanted to stay, she wanted to be a little more selfish and stay with Mike but she couldn't; not only because she wasn't selfish but also because if she didn't close the gate then the shadow monster would still haunt them. It was only a little sacrifice, just a little more and she would return to Mike.

Because if only there was a chance in which after all the suffering, happiness would come then every single tear would have been worth it.

- Just be careful, alright? I can't lose you again.

His desperation was clear even when he tried to hide it. Of course he couldn't lose her, no, it was out of the question. How could he live through it again? How could he recover?

- You won't lose me. - El whispered.

- Promise?

- Promise.

It was a promise and nothing would stop her from keeping it. She wanted to make him feel better and she gave him her word because nothing else was allowed. To see Mike like that with his tears falling was as painful as it was being away from him, day after day, trying to survive. No, he wouldn't lose her, not only because she was determined on defeating the shadow monster and closing the gate but also because she couldn't even think of how Mike would feel if she didn't come back. If he would lose her again, she would lose him too, they were a team.

Suddenly she felt the urge and didn't even think about it. Looking at Mike and the way he was staring into her eyes, the holding of their hands, the electricity between their fingers that she didn't fully

understand made Eleven get closer to him. It was like a force that pulled her onto Mike, that was calling for her; it was something that she could tell Mike was feeling as he could see her getting closer and was okay with it, waiting for the touch. She couldn't explain it but her entire body was longing for it, she wanted to feel his lips, just a little bit closer...

- El come on, let's go. It's time. – Hopper called and the world begun spinning again and got as real as everyone around them and the danger that was waiting. She couldn't help but get frustrated. Both of them.

But there were more important things to do.

El got on the van along with the Chief of Police and when he started to drive away, she looked back at Mike and saw how he was terrified. She also was, but also then as powerful and strong as ever, she felt determined to close the gate once and for all as fast as she could so she could get back with Mike and, this time, not letting go.

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*Reviews please?*

### 3. Home

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*Home*

And she didn't.

Because her reason to resist closing the gate, the reason that helped her put a barrier against the shadow monster when it reached to capture her, that made her levitate; her reason to save them all, to stop he upside down to spread in her dimension, the one that gave her friends, a home and love. Her reason was to live to finally honour her promise, to have a life. A life that includes eggos with Hopper, the TV in the cabin, the rules she loathed, Mrs. Byers hugs, Dustin's teeth, Lucas's comments and meeting Will. And above all, above herself, above life itself, what gave her strength to resist and overcome herself, even when after she had done it almost fainted in the arms of Hopper; she had a one true motive to win, a feeling that brought her peace. Because her greatest reason, her enthusiasm, her source of courage was waiting for her as he had been waiting for three hundred and fifty three days. It was time to get home with Mike.

- You did good, kid... You did really good...- Hopper whispered as he was holding her, afraid she would break as he himself was on the verge of crying, not only out of relief but also happiness. He knew how much El had been waiting for what was going to come: to live, no hiding, no fear, no danger...

- Mike...

Eleven's whisper made Hopper laugh a little. He thought about all the people who said that kids that age couldn't feel real love, should now meet Mike and El... Damn, they would prove them wrong!

For almost a year they lived together and even when nobody could ever replace Sarah, Jim Hopper found that he had also received a

gift, a compensation in his life. He now had without planning it, the possibility of raising a whole human being in the entire meaning of the word, because as Eleven hold herself into his arms he felt as powerful as ever that he would always be there for her; that she could always lean on him for help, he would always be an advice she could find, and also a guide to show her the way and forever take good care of her. Because El, just like Sarah, was also his girl.

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They had barely stepped a foot into the cabin, Hopper carrying El in his arms, when Mike throw himself onto them holding her hand.

- Mike wait...- Lucas called trying to hold his friend away from them, to keep him calm and let the Chief Police laid her down, but even he should've know that trying to stop him would be in vain.

From the moment they arrived, Mike wasn't able to move away from the window. There was no one in that cabin that hadn't told him to stay cool, that everything would be okay but even as he himself tried to keep his head busy on checking Will, his mind and his heart were with El.

After what it seemed like forever, he saw the lights of the van in the dark of the forest as it parked near by and he heard his heart pound on his chest faster than ever. Only when he saw Hopper walking with Eleven in his arms he felt as he released a deep breath he didn't knew how long he had been holding. But she looked exhausted, she was apparently unconscious, and pale, and she looked so weak, like she wasn't able to even speak.

A part of him could hear Hopper complaining for stepping in his way but to Mike there wasn't force, or gate, of shadow monster, or whatever living thing on earth that could now keep him away from El.

- Damn it, kid! Will you *please* wait a minu...

- Mike...- called Eleven, interrupting the Chief as he sighed and roll his eyes for how stubborn those teenagers were.

El squeezed his hand softly with the little strength she had left without opening his eyes but wanting to be clear that she wanted Mike. He was there; they both were as everyone else. Steve drove the kids to the cabin since he remembered where it was because he had listened when Hopper told Jonathan and also because the kids had insisted on it and he was too tired to fight all those *'little shits'*. But he understood, they wanted to see their friend, not only Eleven but also Will whom they almost lost again. They had to see if he was okay, to tell him the gate was closed, the mind flyer was gone, that he was free.

- Here. - Joyce took a few things out of the couch and made room for El to be laid down, she looked so tired but she also had a smile on her face fully pointing at the boy kneeled on the floor next to her. When she was comfortable resting on the couch she opened her eyes and looked at the boy holding her hand. He was also tired, his face was wet with tears but his smile was as beautiful as she remembered. He was happy and it was because of her.

Suddenly El wasn't tired, she could laid on her side and smile back to Mike as he leaned on her and buried his face on her neck and cried his worries away while Eleven felt so much happiness and so much love surrounding her that she knew she was home, because that was what Mike was for her. He was home, he was luck, and he was journey and destination. Her destination. Then as they embrace in front of everyone, Dustin tapped Lucas and Mrs. Byers calling for them and cough to get the attention of Steve and the rest and also shook his head to where Will was resting. He knew his friends needed a moment alone because they deserved it regardless of Chief Hopper frown; thank God for Joyce Byers and for taking him out of the room.

Mike knew that probably the best thing for El would be to get check but as soon as he started to pull away from the hug, she hold him tighter and wrap her hand on his hair making him blush as she nuzzled her nose on the line of his neck and cried. Worried from the way she was crying, Mike tapped down her body with a shaking hand looking for damage but just then he felt a smile against his skin and knew her tears were nothing to worry about.

Then El barely pulled away, only to catch her breath.

- Mike...- she whispered and those brown eyes he adored were looking at him. – I promised... I'm here. You are here....

His hand wandered unconsciously through the side of her body caressing her like if he was trying to brush her fatigue away, trying to make her feel relaxed. After all they've been through, after all that agony and all that pain, they were finally together. El took his hand in hers and did something that shook him to his bone in the best way. She kissed his hand and rested her cheek against it sighing happily without looking away.

- You are amazing. - he stated and moved his index fingers through her cheek tenderly making her smile and close her eyes as she enjoyed his touch. She was so beautiful he couldn't believe it. – I'm not leaving from your side, you know? I'm sure my mom will ground me for not coming home for like three days but I don't care. You are here and I'm not leaving until you are fully recovered and then I'll keep staying. You are at home. – he looked around the cabin and back to her eyes smiling wider. - You are at home.

Eleven, resting her cheek against his hand listened to Mike and the wonderful things he kept saying. Her breathing was calm, her crying begun ceasing, she even felt sleepy and started to think of how lucky she was because he still believed in her, because he remain with her, no matter what they've been through he stood there believing he could find her, he called for her, he cried for her and he gave Eleven something she never had until they met. Just then, as Eleven heard when Mike told her she was at home, she shook her head.

- No. - El replied but immediately poked a finger at Mike's chest. – Home. You my home.

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*Hi there, so this is my version of what I think happened after Eleven closed the gate.*

*Reviews are most welcome.*

## 4. Future

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### *Future*

After closing the gate it wasn't really much what Mike could see from El. Things were hard, Hopper was being too overprotective and his rules had hardened especially after Eleven told him she had been wandering around the state and also because of all the dead people they had to cover from. Not to mention the Hawkins Lab scandal that had brought the news and national attention to their town. So Mike couldn't see or talk to El, and he was driving insane.

*"If the lab is closed, El is free"*, his friends kept telling him to cheer him up and yes, Mike knew that and he also tried to see the glass half full, but being away from her was a torture he did not want to suffer again. He tried, really tried, to stay calm and find some kind of consolation at knowing that she was okay, that she had came back, and had came back because of him. That last thought always made him smile; the fact that she had returned because of him, that she had thought about him the whole time they've been separated. When he rest his head on the pillows gather inside the fort that once belonged to Eleven, he delighted into the moment when she arrived to Will's house and looked at him, and smiled at him, and the desperate way she hugged him. Yes, there were times when he wanted a little more but then he tried to focus on the knowledge that he was no longer suffering or having nightmares because he didn't know where she was. Those horrible months that shattered him had gone away and he found joy every time he saw a month ago when she called his name between tears of happiness and told him she had been listening to him.

Even when Hopper had allowed one visit two weeks after the closed the gate and that visit Mike had enjoyed it all he could, he also needed something else. He adored his friends, really, but seeing El along with the rest of the party wasn't exactly what he had in mind after being apart for so long especially if he compared with the time

she lived in his basement and they were alone as much as they wanted. That's what he needed, a little privacy with her to hold her, to talk to her about that hug they gave each other, to tell her just how much he missed her –if he could explain it-; he needed some time alone with Eleven to look into her eyes and lose himself on them, to listen her speak, to teach her more words and what they meant, just the two of them.

He missed her. He needed her.

He had been so sullen for about two weeks since they saw El again that maybe that was the reason why Dustin, Lucas and even Will had been insisting, a little too much actually, on going to the Snow Ball. They have never been there before, neither of them and Mike didn't understand why it was so important to go, although he partially guessed Lucas and Dustin's reason on a red haired girl he wasn't too please with yet, but he didn't see his own place into that evening when the only girl he wanted to spend his life giving twirls and dances was Eleven. But Will insisted, and if it was someone who he knew needed desperately a little normal back into his life, that was Will, so after days of pitiful begging from his friends Mike agreed to go. Whatever Will need, maybe he could even help him and push him into dancing with some girl if anyone seemed interested and Will decided to freeze himself. Sometimes Mike saw his friend like a little brother even when they were the same age.

Back into the cabin, Eleven was pissed.

By the time Hopper step inside the house, El would slam the bedroom door shut at him as a very clear signal that she was still mad at him. The night before they had a huge fight because she wanted Mike to go visit and he refused, unlike that one fight before where Hopper took the boys to see her, but that was two weeks ago. But this time was different, he had said 'no' despite her puppy eyes and her door slamming. Yes, she knew that the time will pass, that she would be free because she technically already was but another year of hiding was like putting salt to an open wound. She wanted to see Mike so badly she felt the needs in her body, she was literally aching to hug him, she felt thirsty. After their reunion and the way they had hugged, she wanted to melt in his arms and become one. She couldn't even imagine being away from him for another year and she couldn't



understand how she had managed to lived trough it.

- Kid, open up, got to show you something. – She heard Hopper talk from the door. El still called him by his name because she had to take Brenner out of her head first before connecting 'Papa' to someone actually good who really cared for her. Yes, she was mad at him at the moment but to Eleven, Hopper was her father. In time she would call him that way.

But again no matter how much she loved him, she was still pissed because El, even when she partially understood the whole another year of hiding thing, she couldn't see why he wouldn't allow Mike to go see her and she also, for the life of her, did not understand why Hopper wouldn't allow only Mike to spent time with her. El enjoyed seeing the boys again and she adored finally meeting Will, but she couldn't see why *whyyy* Hop was so reluctant on leaving Mike alone with her. What was wrong about him?

Fortunately, the Chief Police wasn't alone that day and Eleven got surprised in the best way to hear the familiar voice of Joyce Byers talking with him from the other side of the door. She left her room to crush Will's mom into a hug who was like a mother for her. El felt like she could talk to her about anything, even things she somehow felt couldn't talk to Jim. Maybe she'll ask her what her father held against someone as good as Mike.

- Look, I know you are mad at me right now because you miss the boys but...

- I want Mike. – she cut him off and, again, could see the expression on his face she couldn't figure out what it meant. Every time she would say something about the boy, Hopper always turned his head and looked away from her at the same time he touched his face somewhat awkwardly and pat a cigarette faster than any other day. And now she also couldn't see what was so funny that made Joyce giggled as she looked to the both of them and looked at El with an awe kind of face.

- Yeah, well. I know you want to see...*him*, but we agreed that we had to wait a year until you can leave the house. But...- he stopped her by putting his hand in the air as he could feel another outburst

from his girl, and rested that hand on Mrs. Byers back. – Look, this is girls stuff. After tonight we can figure something out, okay?

If Eleven would have known what he meant at the moment, she would have hugged him so hard he would have probably end up with broken ribs.

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Just as he imagined, he was at the dance bored out of his mind wondering what all the fuzz about him being there was. All he had done, and actually was kind of funny, was shook Will when he froze up because of a girl who asked him to dance. Other than that, the dance was as plain as he had imagined, not even Dustin dancing with Nancy caught his amusement but he will definitely poke his friend with it sometime on the next day.

At the moment another song started and he began to wonder its name, he lifted his head from the dancing feet of the school kids and looked towards the door when he saw her. There she was, Eleven, like a dream came true, like a gift, she was a long wanted promise on a blue dress, she had came to the Snow Ball at his one-year-ago request and she looked just as pretty as he had imagined. So pretty he felt his heart skip a beat.

Her heart was beating so hard when she stepped into the gym it felt like a race. She didn't knew what to expect when she get there, all she knew about the dance was the light explanation Mrs. Byers had given as she helped Eleven dressing up. Since she found out she was finally going out to see Mike and also going to see him at the dance he had talked about, that she felt her legs shaking and a sparkly tingle in her chest. When she finally arrived and saw Mike between the shiny decorations and the children dancing around him, that tingling sparkly feeling spread through her body, from head to toes, taking her breath away. The world stopped from spinning once more or maybe it started to spin faster, she didn't know. All she knew was that everybody around them got lost somewhere because Mike was the only one in there. They walked towards each other pulled by a force, like a magnet, like a dream, like it was meant to be. It felt just right, it felt correct, and it felt like life should be, both of them together again.

- You look beautiful.

Mike said shivering, she really was and El only smiled and looked down, she felt shy and small and at the same time, she felt happy. She had heard that word before on TV, it meant 'more than pretty, a lot pretty', it was new but it was better. It was nice to know that he thought so.

- Do you wanna dance?

Eleven felt shy and a little embarrassed as she looked around her.

- I... don't know how.

- I don't either. – he said as it didn't matter and El was relief to know they were both on the same page. – Do you wanna figure it out?

She just nodded because there was no one else than Mike with whom Eleven wanted to learn to have a life and everything that came with it. She wanted to learn, to explore being actually free while he took her hand and at lead her to the dance floor between all those kids. El wanted to learn everything with him, one dance at a time.

- I think like this... Yeah like that. – Mike explained taking both of her hands and placing them, somehow nervous, some how confident, on his own shoulders and making Eleven blush into that closeness. She had only see people like that in soap operas and she felt the tingling in her stomach ever stronger when she felt his hands hold her close by her waist and smiled at her the same dreamy kind of way she adored.

She wanted to have the words to tell him what he meant for her, what being right there meant for her. He was so handsome and it had nothing to do with the different kind of clothes he was wearing, no, he was handsome because he was Mike. His voice was deeper than she remembered, his height no longer matches her, he got a lot taller and wiser and if even possible, he was even kinder. He was changing from the boy she knew in the forest into a young adult, more confident about himself but El did not know it was thanks to her.

Dancing with El was priceless. He would have liked to tell her that

'beautiful' wasn't enough, that she was a lot more than that. To him Eleven was salvation beyond her powers; she was the sun, the day and warmth. She was all kind of new feeling gathering in his stomach making him feel tingles. She was perfect, with her tiny shy smile, her curiosity as she looked around, Mike felt proud at knowing she only took a quick peek to the rest of the people before looking back at him as he was everything that mattered. It was wonderful to know for sure that they were both standing at the same place.

It was then when Mike went back into the day they met and compared that after all they've been through, she became his strength. She gave him the energy to grow, to become a better man, to be someone who could take care of her because he wanted to. He definitely wanted to be the one who she could lean to, the one who held the answers for whatever she'd wanted to know, he wanted to be the one whom she would run to when she get scared, just like when they first met. He knew that he loved her from the moment he saw her, so scared, that he knew he had to protect her, it was a bond they instantly made and Mike could actually named it when he kissed her for the first time. If anyone had told him back then he would have thought it was true and at the same time insane because he was sure enough of how lucky he really was. Only to think that around the world people spent their lives looking for someone to love, Mike with only thirteen years old had already found his other half.

To Eleven it was the same. She was aware that she still had a lot to learn. She had to put a name to her feelings and know what everything meant, but she did know for a fact in her heart and her mind one absolute truth: Mike was the first and the last because he was the one.

For almost a year, Eleven's only shelter to keep herself busy was the TV and even when she could get bored out of her mind, she also learned. Watching movies and so many soap operas, a recurrent theme on many of them was romance and that person they named 'soul mate', and every time she heard it she could only think of Mike. When she watched scenes like these, when a man held a woman in his arms, when he kissed her, El would remember that fast and nervous kiss he gave her and she could see why he was different from Lucas and Dustin. She could finally understand in the time they were

away and how much she had missed him that Mike was a lot more than just a friend.

With Mike she wanted to live more than friendship. She wanted adventures that didn't involve other dimensions, she wanted to get crazy, she wanted to keep that sparkly tingle in her belly and stop the world from spinning every time they hold their hands. To El there was no better place in her universe than standing there with Mike holding her by the waist, with his arms around her. He was every emotion gathered in one person; he was all care and courage when she remembered all he had done for her and all he had fought for her. She remembered how good it felt to hold him when he biked with her, it was correct even when they had just met.

Eleven had moved her hands up to the back of his neck closing the space between them a little more, she wanted him close, and it made her heart race.

Suddenly it was too much for Mike.

Drunk from the music and the line of the song that fit him as it was written for him: *"Since you've gone I been lost without a trace I dream at night I can only see your face "*. Mike felt Eleven's scent and he felt something pushing him from the bottom of his soul. That same electricity, the connection between their eyes, the unspoken complicity they shared with a smile, all those things pushed to gather his courage and claim his divine right leaning his head and being soft but determined, Mike was touched and scared; he blinked as he had been under a spell and with dreamy eyes he closed the space between them and put his lips onto Eleven's, sharing a kiss.

And the world just stopped because Mike could have sworn that this time El kissed him back.

Even when she could figure what he wanted to do when she noticed something changing in his eyes, she got surprised by the kiss but didn't want to pull apart.

El hoped to feel that way the rest of her life, she wanted to get surprised with him and get as many kisses as she possibly can. She smiled when he pulled apart and looked down at his chest and back

to his eyes, she didn't wanted to leave, she wanted to stay with him, she was so comfortable with his arms around her as she hold him from his neck. In Mike's arms she was safe and they put their foreheads together smiling at he kiss they shared.

If the world started to move again they didn't' noticed because when they were together nothing else seemed to exist, everything just disappeared. No matter what the future may hold, to Mike and Eleven what mattered the most was to have that future... together.

**oOoOoOo**

*To everyone: THANK YOU. I really hope you had enjoyed this story and let me tell you that soon I'll upload a one shot involving a few more kisses at the Snow Ball. Stay tuned.*

*Reviews are most welcome, and also any request.*